

MRS. PATON NOBLE ACQUITTED

PISTOL IN HER HANDS OFF ACCIDENTALLY, IS VERDICT.

Her Husband's Death Accidental—Released by the Coroner, She Is Still Held Under a Magistrate's Warrant—Her Lawyer's Plans to Secure Her Freedom

It is a good verdict, but, oh, if I could only have told my own story and set matters right!

This was the comment of Mrs. Josephine Leighton Noble when the Coroner's jury in Long Island City brought in a verdict last night that acquitted her, so far as the Coroner's court could acquit her, of the murder of her husband, Paton Noble, of which she still stands charged in a Magistrate's court.

Coroner Nott's court had been in session, with a recess of one hour, from 2 o'clock in the afternoon to 9:45 at night when the jury, after being out three-quarters of an hour, brought in the verdict that Paton Noble came to his death from wounds accidentally inflicted from a pistol in the hands of his wife, Josephine Noble.

All through the long ordeal Mrs. Noble sat with apparent composure. But not so her sister, Elsie, who has been close by her side through all her trouble and on whom the strain was beginning to tell. Twice yesterday Eleanor fainted dead away in the court room—once on the adjournment at 6 o'clock for recess, and again just after the jury rendered its verdict. She was quickly revived in each instance, and she seemed quite strong enough to get home without assistance when all was over.

Mrs. Noble herself partially broke down when the end came, and she was led away weeping to the Queens county jail, for she is still a prisoner under Magistrate Smith's warrant. Her lawyer assured her, however, that in all probability it would be her last night in jail. Charles Le Barbier, who took the lead in defending her yesterday, will ask Magistrate Smith this morning for her discharge. If that is refused, he will ask her release on bail. If that again is refused, he will make the same demand of some Supreme Court Judge. Mr. Le Barbier expressed the opinion that District Attorney Gregg, after the verdict rendered by the Coroner's jury, would not press the charge against Mrs. Noble. Mr. Gregg declined to say whether he would press it further—declined, in fact, to outline his course one way or the other.

The fact was that both he and Coroner Nott and a good many who heard the testimony yesterday were good and surprised at the jury's verdict. What accounted for it, many said, in the general discussion after the adjournment of court, was the unanimous testimony of nearly all the witnesses that the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Noble was not only happy, but conspicuously and remarkably so, that their affection for each other appeared on all occasions to be singularly devoted.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Burnell, in whose house at 152 Tenth street, Long Island City, the Nobles were living two weeks ago to-night when the tragedy occurred—both the witnesses, as well as their daughter, Lottie, who is an actress with an engagement at Proctor's Theatre, were most emphatic in their statements as to the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Noble's relations. Mrs. Noble had lived on the top floor of the Burnell house for two years and not in a single instance had they ever been known to have anything even remotely approaching a quarrel. Their tenderness for each other was a matter of comment.

Mr. Burnell said they were the happiest married couple he had ever known. Mrs. Burnell confirmed his statement. Coroner's Physician George P. Strong and Dr. Bunker, who both were called in originally to the case, had known the Nobles for many years and were as positive about their cordial relations as were all those who for two years had lived under the roof of a small house with them—a house in which it would have been impossible for them even to have had the regulation family spat without the fact being known. And there was not an instance remembered of ever even one of these spats having occurred. This, it was generally believed, was what caused the jury to render the verdict it did. The jurymen could not be brought to believe that a wife so affectionate as all united in describing Mrs. Noble to have been could have shot her husband dead at her feet in the heat of a quarrel, when it was not shown that they ever had had a quarrel. Still less could they believe that she shot him down deliberately and in cold blood.

The only alternative, then, was to accept Mrs. Noble's own version of the tragedy. This was that her husband was shot while she was playfully resisting his efforts to take a pistol away from her, which she had picked up and with which she feared she might injure herself. Mrs. Noble herself did not go on the stand and tell this story yesterday. That she wanted to do so was pretty generally believed. It was reported that she was standing to tell her own story of the shooting and that she would illustrate just how it was done with the pistol in her hand. Her exclamation, above quoted, at the end of the inquest last night would seem to bear out the idea that she actually had such a plan in mind.

But if she did her lawyers put a veto on it. All through the ordeal yesterday she sat dressed in deep mourning and so heavily veiled in black that her features were all but indistinguishable—close by her lawyer's table and with her back to the audience. She seemed neither restless nor agitated and showed no outward signs of emotion whatever until it was all over.

But the jury's verdict notwithstanding, there was some pretty strong testimony not favorable to Mrs. Noble. Mrs. Burnell, who manifested on the witness stand a strong leaning in her favor, testified that Mrs. Noble told her that she got the pistol out of a trunk on the night of the shooting. Policeman De Boe testified that she told him she got it out of a bureau drawer in the bedroom.

Policeman De Boe furthermore testified that he found the bureau drawer partly open on the night of the shooting; that he found the holster, or "pouch" as he called it, which had held the pistol, on a pasteboard box on top of the bureau; that he had found an unused cartridge on the floor in front of the pistol and that another unused cartridge and two empty shells were found on the floor of the room in which the dead man lay.

De Boe further testified that on the night of the shooting he had heard Mrs. Noble tell Edward Doyle that she and Noble had had a quarrel and that Noble had struck her with a pistol case.

NINE COPS IN A BAD UPSET.

GALLANT DRIVER OF PATROL'S SACRIFICE TO SAVE TROUPE.

He Dies of Wounds—Rushed With Comrades to Hospital in Car—Passengers Use Strips of Skirts to Bind Wounds—Doctors and Head Nurse at Odds.

In swinging his horses sharply out of Rockaway avenue yesterday afternoon to avoid sending them crashing into a trolley car taking on passengers, James W. Devens, a driver of the patrol wagon of the Canarsie police station, in Brooklyn, took his own life and those of eight comrades in his hands while hurrying at full speed to a fire in Bill Denton's barn, Avenue L near Rockaway avenue.

The bay team bounded aside at an angle so acute that the topheavy vehicle was turned over and the occupants thrown out on their heads. The frightened horses dashed on, dragging the smashed wagon and Driver Devens and his hands and arms were entangled in the reins. He was kicked time and again. The horses brought up a block from the scene of the accident, smashing into a fence and being thrown.

Devens and two other cops were taken to the Bradford street hospital, East New York. The driver died of his injuries. A fourth patrolman is at his home in Canarsie under a doctor's care. The rest escaped with abrasions and bruises.

Devens' skull was fractured, his left arm was broken and he had internal injuries. Rundenman Thomas Fox sustained internal injuries and cuts and had his left arm and wrist broken. Policeman William Matthews' right arm was broken, and Policeman Frank E. Ford has injuries of the back and hips.

The car which indirectly caused the accident was about a half block ahead of the patrol, bound to Canarsie. Devens' team, going at full speed, were preparing to take the turn at the corner, when the car suddenly slowed down and stopped directly in their path. Two men, a woman and a child stepped from the sidewalk to board it. A car bound in an opposite direction prevented Devens from turning to the other side of the street. He swung in and around the corner, close to the curb, and the accident occurred.

As the patrol wagon ran to the injured cop's aid, William H. Warner, superintendent of the Brooklyn and Rockaway Beach Railway, who lives in Canarsie, stopped a trolley before the arrival of a doctor and had Rundenman Fox and Devens and Matthew lifted aboard. The motor man put on his power and the car raced away toward the nearest hospital in East New York. At Liberty avenue, by order of Capt. Gardner of the Brownsville station, the car was switched, an inspector of the railroad protesting, and sent at top speed through Liberty avenue to Bradford street, East New York, where it stopped.

The patrol wagon of the Brownsville station was sent after the car, and into it the injured cops were lifted and carried to the Bradford street hospital. Women in the car, meantime, had bound up the policemen's cuts with strips from undershirts.

The hospital ambulance, with the only physician detailed at the institution, Dr. Dooling, had been sent to the scene of the accident in Canarsie. Detective Michael Tormey of the Brownsville station used the hospital's telephone to call medical assistance from outside. The head nurse, Miss Neubold, said outside help was not needed, according to the report left by the late Col. James Fairman, M. A., said Auctioneer James P. Siro at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries yesterday afternoon.

"I'm bid \$300 on this violin. Who'll go for four? Anybody?" There was an uneasy movement among the musicians who had come to the sale in the hope of getting a rare instrument for little money. An "am bid \$300 once," the auctioneer continued.

A long finger was raised and a high voice made the bid \$400. "Four hundred dollars I am bid. Who'll make it five?" But the uneasiness among the artists became almost a centre rush, for a big man waving a paper above his head strode toward the auctioneer with a determined look.

He laid an official looking document beside the hammer, murmuring, "It's for \$1,000." The auctioneer's face brightened at the large sum bid. He started to call again. "Third call—I'm bid." But he stopped suddenly, for two strangers had taken the precious violin from his box while the man who had whispered \$1,000 was telling him the Nicolaus Amati could not be sold at auction.

"It's a bond for \$1,000 I handed you, man," went on the marshal. "I am going to take the instrument away now. Mrs. Jennie Reynolds, daughter of the Colonel's first wife, is going to collect the claim of \$1,000 on this violin, which she declares her father gave her many years ago." The next most valuable violin, a Straube Mandler, brought only \$50, and many of the twenty-five instruments composing the collection sold for \$4. Eight of these patterns the Colonel had made with his own hands.

A ring containing a lock of John Brown's hair, given the Colonel by the martyr's daughter, was knocked down at \$50. NEW FAST TRAINS TO PHILADELPHIA Via Pennsylvania Railroad, beginning November 27. Leave New York 4:30 P. M. daily, and arrive Philadelphia 11:00 A. M. Broker Balfour & Co., 110 N. 5th St., Philadelphia.

Leave New York 2:30 P. M. daily (except on Wednesdays) and arrive Philadelphia 8:10 P. M. Parlor Car and Dining Car. All Deerfoot Farm Sausages are made at the Farm, in Southboro, Mass. Their success is owing to the choice material and the neatness and cleanliness of the preparation. Ad.

John's Patent Medicines. Father Job's Famous Cures colds. Ad.

DEAD GIRL IDENTIFIED.

Young Woman Who Killed Herself in Brooklyn Hotel Was Christine Voigt.

The body of the girl who killed herself on Tuesday morning in the Galloway Hotel in Williamsburg was identified last night as Christine Voigt, aged 18 years and 8 months, of Elmhurst, L. I. The identification was made by the girl's sister, Minnie Voigt, and her brother-in-law, Henry Ehrmann. They called at the shop of Undertaker Frank Montano, at 155 North Third street, and inspected the clothing worn by the girl when she was found asphyxiated in a room of the hotel after having been abandoned by a young man who took her there.

The dead girl's sister said the clothing was Christine's. Then the body was shown to her and Ehrmann. Miss Voigt collapsed when she saw it. After she had recovered she said that Christine had been seeking employment for some time. She left home on Monday morning saying that she was going to hunt for a place. When she did not return in the evening no alarm was felt by her family for her, as they supposed she was remaining over night with friends as she had done before.

Members of the family had read in the newspapers of the suicide, but they did not suspect that she was Christine, as the girl had never hinted of killing herself. They read in an afternoon paper yesterday that Nicola Canuso, an elevator man in a building where Christine went on Monday to get work had said the dead girl had given her name to him as Jessie "Voigt," and said that she had been living recently at College Point. This circumstance and the published descriptions of the dead girl and her clothing prompted Miss Minnie Voigt and her brother-in-law to go to the undertaker's last night. The family will take charge of the body.

GOV. BROOKS WILLING TO QUIT. Coming Executive of Wyoming Times of His Job and Longs for the Simple Life.

TORERA, Kan., Nov. 25.—Governor-elect Brooks of Wyoming is already tired of the job. In a letter to E. W. Howe of the *Achison Globe* he says: "I could hire some decent fellow to take this Governorship job off my hands for a couple of years I would do it. Confidentially, I don't think I ever wanted the job, but some people thought I couldn't get it and I thought I could. When the frills and duds get too thick, I will telegraph you and we will sneak off to the ranch and go back into the mountains, put up a tent, and I will smoke a cornucopia of peace pipes, and make the world as the world as we used to do."

Howe describes a hunt he once had with Gov. Brooks. They were following a band of elk and in order to keep up the chase were forced to leave the riding horses and pack mules. The elk got away and by that time the hunters were lost. They built a fire, and then Brooks said he believed he could find the tracks. They set out leaving their guns by the fire. Within an hour they were lost again, and could not find the fire, the guns or the horses. They spent the night sitting under a pine tree.

Howe says that he and the Governor organized the first "Don't Worry Club" that night as they shivered with cold on the mountain side. Since that time 2,000 of these clubs have been organized, and 10,000 men wear "Don't Worry" buttons.

WOMAN SHOTS HER RIVAL.

Then Kils Herself on Street Car When Police Are About to Arrest Her. BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 25.—Mrs. John Kiser, wife of an engineer on the Alabama Great Southern Railroad, went to Woodlawn, a suburb, early this evening and called Miss Nellie Edwards, a well known young lady of the place to the door. When the latter appeared Mrs. Kiser shot at her twice, one of the bullets taking effect in her breast, inflicting a wound which is likely to prove fatal.

A telephone message was sent to the city to the police department to intercept Mrs. Kiser, who was on an incoming electric car. Officers Bisheroon and Hay went out to Twenty-sixth street and boarded the car, in which were several passengers. As the officers got on Mrs. Kiser saw them. She placed her pistol to her breast and fired two shots. One of the bullets entered her stomach and the other went near her heart. She died in a few minutes.

Mrs. Kiser was married but a month or so ago. It seems that she was insanely jealous of Miss Edwards and decided to kill her. NEW CUBAN LOAN. The House Asked to Vote for an Issue of \$28,500,000.

HAVANA, Nov. 25.—A bill was presented in the House of Representatives to-day providing for an issue of \$28,500,000 of 4 per cent. bonds to pay the balance of the debt due the army. The amortization of this loan is to begin during the period of the amortization of the \$35,000,000 as surpluses occur from the export tax levied for the expense of the latter loan. The bonds of the new issues are to be delivered July 1, 1905. The interest on the second loan is to be paid from the surplus interest of the first loan.

This plan is supposed to have been prompted by speculators, who bought a large proportion of the army claims, with the further view of buying up the new bond issue at a large discount, as the ordinary ex-soldier is expected to sell his claim at a low figure for cash. Thus the purpose of the Army Pay bill will be defeated for the benefit of speculators.

INVENTOR KILLED AS HE WORKED. Harry Mills, an Expert in Explosives, Blown to Pieces in His Shop. ALTON, Ill., Nov. 25.—Harry Mills, who is said to have been the inventor of fulminate of mercury caps, was instantly killed at the plant of the Western Cap and Chemical Company this morning and the little building in which he was working was blown into kindling wood.

For years he carefully guarded the secret of his invention and always worked in the little building, which was isolated from the rest of the plant and located in the woods. It is not known whether he had ever divulged the secret of the explosive, but from what could be learned at the chemical works it is believed that he had not and that his secret died with him leaves a wife and daughter. He came to Alton several years ago from Connecticut and was an expert chemist.

WHEN YOU ARE SICK USE Dewey's Post-Whine and Grape Juice. E. T. Dewey & Sons Co., 115 Fulton St., N. Y., Ad.

GRAFT IN THEATRE TICKETS.

OLIVE BERKLEY, ACTRESS, FOUND IT EASY AND PROFITABLE.

Wrote for Seats in Well Known Stage Folks' Names and Got Them by Mail—Scalper Paid Half Price for the Loot—She Pleads Poverty as Her Excuse.

Olive Berkley, an actress out of a job, was arrested yesterday for grafting theatre tickets wholesale and selling them to a ticket scalper. The woman has made a confession, and because of her condition it isn't likely that any one will press the complaint against her. She is soon to become a mother.

William G. Smyth, the theatrical manager, caused Miss Berkley's arrest. Mr. Smyth married Sydney Armstrong, who was a well known actress. Two weeks ago the manager of a Broadway theatre telephoned him and written request for two seats had been received from Sydney Armstrong. "I just wanted to know if the request is from your wife," said the manager to Smyth.

"It is not," said Smyth positively. "When my wife wants to go to a show she tells me and I get her tickets." They talked the request over and agreed that some newcomer on the stage must have assumed Mrs. Smyth's name. The tickets were sent anyway. Mr. Smyth thought no more of the matter for several days. Then another Sydney Armstrong letter turned up. This was addressed to Ben Roeder, who is David Belasco's manager. Mr. Smyth is connected with the Belasco managerial forces, and Roeder turned the letter over to him. The writer enclosed a stamped envelope and asked the clerk to mail it to 234 West Thirtieth street.

The tickets were not sent, but Mr. Smith did send a red hot letter telling the faker who he was and why he was interested in the name of Sydney Armstrong. He would up the letter by threatening with arrest the person who was using his wife's name. Then he wrote to Commissioner McAdoo asking the assistance of the police in running down the grafter.

The rush for marriage licenses in a riot in which five men and two women were seriously injured. The indirect cause of the riot was an edict issued by Mayor Carson this morning to the 200 negroes of the town to get married and settle down or leave town within twelve hours. Wednesday night two patrolmen raided a house known as "The Flickers Nest," and the conditions revealed at the trial of those caught brought forth the Mayor's edict. The rush for marriage licenses was so great that the city police force of the town had to be called out to preserve order. Men fought with each other to get to the clerk's desk and in the scramble two prospective brides were trampled under foot. Four of the rioters were clubbed by the police and another was shot through the hand by some one in the crowd.

GREAT RUSH TO GET MARRIED.

Serious Riot Results When Ohio Mayor Ordered All Negroes to Get Married. GREENWOOD, Ohio, Nov. 25.—A scramble for marriage licenses at the office of the City Clerk here to-day resulted in a riot in which five men and two women were seriously injured. The indirect cause of the riot was an edict issued by Mayor Carson this morning to the 200 negroes of the town to get married and settle down or leave town within twelve hours. Wednesday night two patrolmen raided a house known as "The Flickers Nest," and the conditions revealed at the trial of those caught brought forth the Mayor's edict. The rush for marriage licenses was so great that the city police force of the town had to be called out to preserve order. Men fought with each other to get to the clerk's desk and in the scramble two prospective brides were trampled under foot. Four of the rioters were clubbed by the police and another was shot through the hand by some one in the crowd.

TWO MEN ABLAZE ON A POLE.

Crowd, Helpless to Aid, Watch Desperate Fight for Life Thirty Feet Above Ground. YORK, Neb., Nov. 25.—Eugene Hunsicker and John Kamey, electricians in the employ of the York County Telephone Company, came near being burned to death at the top of a 30 foot telephone pole here to-day, while several hundred persons stood below unable to help them. They were standing on a temporary platform built around the top of the pole which was enclosed with cloth to shelter them from the wind and cold. A soldering torch set fire to the cloth and a stiff wind fanned the flames. Almost instantly the flames with great difficulty and not until both of them had been shockingly burned. Hunsicker may die.

PARALYZED BY A HAZING.

Prisco Art Student May Be Permanently Crippled—Criminal Proceedings Probable. SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—A score of students in the Hopkins Art Institute are on the anxious seat because of the severe hazing which they gave last week to Albert De Rome, a young pupil. De Rome had recently been graduated into the "life" class, and he was warned he must undergo initiation. This took place at the studio of one of the students. After stripping the sixteen-year-old boy and flogging him with straps, they bound him to a chair and turned on an Arctic current. He writhed and screamed, while his tormentors danced around his chair. In a few moments De Rome became calm as he felt no more pain. Then he was unbound, but they found that he was paralyzed from the waist down.

It was several hours before he could walk. A score of doctors have worked over him since, he walks now like a victim of locomotor ataxia and may be permanently crippled. His uncle declares he will begin criminal proceedings against the students who tortured the boy, and Director Matthews of the school threatens to make an investigation. STATEN ISLAND STEAMER PIERS Steamship Line After a Site for "Em. Law. Says—Not the Mercantile Marine Co.

A. L. Jacobs, a lawyer of 34 Broad street, said yesterday that a steamship company which he represented was negotiating for the purchase of a tract of waterfront property at Stapleton Staten Island, belonging to the Bechtel estate. Mr. Jacobs refused to tell the name of the steamship company, and at the office of all the important lines here it was said that the Bechtel estate had no dock facilities at Stapleton. The scheme was said to be to build six piers 100 feet wide and about 1,000 feet long, with a 200 feet between piers. The property is valued at \$600,000 and has an incumbance of \$200,000.

A rumor that one of the lines forming the Interborough Marine Company would buy the property was called ridiculous by a representative of the company. TROLLEY TRANSFER CRUSADE. Car Conductor and Patrons of Cigar Store Arrested by Railway Detectives.

Morris Rabbe of 120 Norfolk street, a conductor on the Twenty-third street cross-town line, was arrested last night on the complaint of a Metropolitan Street Railway detective, charged with supplying Robert Fleisher, who keeps a cigar store at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, with transfers for distribution among patrons of his store. On the complaint of the same detective Joseph Waterale of 541 East Eighty-eighth street and Henry Sladen of 3 Bleecker street, patrons of Fleisher's store, were arrested. Insist upon having Burnett's Vanilla. Ad.

HAD AN AMMONIA SQUIRT GUN.

Young Man Accused of Trying to Rob a Doctor's Office.

A number of Brooklyn physicians have been robbed during the last month by fake patients, and now a careful watch is kept by physicians on all strangers who enter their offices. Last night George Waist, 18 years old, of Seventy-second street and Fort Hamilton avenue, entered the parlor of Dr. Wilbur H. Seymour at 224 Clinton street and said that his father would be in in a short time to have his knee cap, which had been injured, attended to. Dr. Seymour forgot his vigilance, but to minutes later recalled the young man and wondered where he had got it.

Becoming suspicious, he made a search and found Waist, so he says, in a room on the second floor. Dr. Seymour held him until a policeman was brought in. When Waist was searched an ammonia squirt gun was found in his possession. It was filled. These guns are used to squirt ammonia into the eyes of persons to blind them. At the station house Waist confessed that his story about his father was a fake. He will be arraigned in the Butler street police court this morning, and physicians who have been robbed have been notified to be present, to see if they can identify Waist as the man who robbed them.

PRINCE TO SEE ARMY-NAVY GAME. Royal Jap to Get a Glimpse of a Mimit War To-day. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—Prince Fushimi of Japan came to town to-day with his suite and is now occupying fourteen rooms at the Bellevue-Stratford. While the prince freely admits that he is enjoying himself, he says he is anxious to get back to the war in the East. J. Frank McFadden, who acts as Consul for Japan here, will give the Prince a glimpse of something like war to-morrow. The Prince and his suite will occupy the McFadden box at the Army-Navy football game.

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CROWDS CHEER THE PRESIDENT

HIS QUICKNESS AT PITTSBURG SAVES MANY FROM INJURY.

Shouts a Timely Warning as the Train Starts Backward—Brief Speeches at Three Stops—Admirer at Denison, O., Presents Live Raccoon—At Fair, O., Indians Live Raccoon—At Fair, O., Indians Live Raccoon—At Fair, O., Indians Live Raccoon.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 25.—The special train having on board President Roosevelt and his party bound for St. Louis and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition reached Indianapolis at 7:45 o'clock to-night. From that time the President left Washington last night until he arrived here only three daylight stops were made, and these were only for the purpose of changing engines, for it was not intended that the journey should be of a public character. Nevertheless, there were crowds at nearly all the stations, who cheered as the train passed by and who were generally recognized by a wave of the hand from the President standing in the door of his car. The President's quick thinking at Pittsburgh saved many people from serious injury at the Union depot. The crowd had waited long for the train, and when it came gathered around the last car in a compact mass to listen. Mr. Roosevelt had stepped out alone to make his address, while the engine were being changed. The panhandle engine intended to take the train on its Western trip as far as Denison, Ohio, backed down and hit the train as it was starting. "Look out, people!" shouted Mr. Roosevelt as he grabbed the rail to steady himself, and the car rolled several feet backward. The crowd gave way at the President's call and no one was injured. "Can't afford to lose any voters, not even in Pennsylvania," said the President, laughing, later.

The President and his party, consisting of Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson of New York, Secretary and Mrs. Lobb and Dr. Rixey, rose early this morning and had breakfast before the train arrived at Pittsburgh. A heavy snow was falling as the train passed through the mountains of western Pennsylvania, but there was no snow on the lower levels, and the sun was shining in Pittsburgh. While engines were being changed there Mr. Roosevelt came out on the platform, where he was greeted by the cheers of a crowd that had gathered under the train shed. "I want to tell you what a pleasure it is for me to meet you here," he said, "and to tell you that I shall do all that in me lies to make you feel that you made no mistake in what you did on the 8th of November." The President's train stopped for five minutes at Denison, Ohio, and Mr. Roosevelt briefly addressed the crowd about the station as he did at Pittsburgh. As he concluded, a man elbowed his way through the crowd and held up a live raccoon for the President to see. "I am afraid I can't take him," said the President with a smile. "Oh, you've got to have him," said the man, and he threw the animal onto the car platform at Mr. Roosevelt's feet. After the train started the raccoon was placed in the baggage car and after visiting St. Louis it will be taken to Washington and added to the collection of animals of his kind in the National Zoological Park. At 6 o'clock this evening the President's train arrived at Richmond, Ind., and Mr. Roosevelt produced both cheers and laughter as he said to a crowd gathered around his car: "I want to say what a pleasure it is to be here. It has been some time since I have been in Richmond, but I always cherish warmest memories of my visit to your beautiful city. You must allow me to say that naturally I am very much pleased to be going through Indiana in view of the way Indiana looked at me a couple of weeks ago. Now, gentlemen, the election is over. I am President of all the country, of all Americans of whatever party, and as far as strength is given me I shall try to be a good and decent President for the next four years." The President and his party left Indianapolis at 8 o'clock and are due to arrive in St. Louis early to-morrow morning. YOUNG PUTNEY BROUGHT BACK. He Had Enlisted Because He Didn't Want to Confess to Being Robbed. ST. LOUIS, Nov. 25.—Garbed in the uniform of a United States soldier, Stephen Putney, Jr., of Richmond, Va., was marched to the Hamilton Hotel to-day by an officer attached to the Jefferson Barracks, after the lad had been missing for over a week. The officer accompanied the boy to the hotel to ascertain whether he was really the missing youth who was supposed to have been kidnapped from one of the exhibit buildings at the fair and held for ransom. Putney, it is said, enlisted out of shame, on account of the fact that he could not face his relatives and confess to having been robbed. According to the story he told his relatives he was drugged outside the world's fair and taken to a place called Kansas City, where he awoke alone in a deserted house, penniless. At Jefferson Barracks, it is said that young Putney enlisted in the Field Artillery in Kansas City Tuesday. The office in Kansas City is recruiting for Jefferson Barracks, and young Putney was immediately sent here. He reached the barracks Wednesday. Sergt. Douglas, who has charge of the recruits, remembered the name and began making arrangements to get into communication with Langhorne Putney, Stephen's half-brother. Langhorne's name was overjoyed when a few minutes after noon and at once notified the other members of the family in Richmond of his safe return to his home. It is evidently none the worse for his experience. HURT IN SUBWAY; WON'T SAY HOW "Matters Between Me and the Company," Says Car Cleaner With Broken Ankle. Herman Sobr, a car cleaner, employed in the subway, broke his ankle last evening at the 145th street station. An ambulance took him to the J. Hood Hospital, where he was later to be hospitalized. When questioned as to how he got his injury he refused to tell. "All I ask of you," he said to a policeman and the doctor, "is that you direct my wound. How I got the hurt is none of your business. That is a matter between me and the company." When the report was made by the policeman at the station house it was said that some action would be taken to find out whether the Interborough company had issued orders to its employees to receive such injuries in regard to injuries received in the subway.